

# JOURNAL FINDS A WITNESS WHO SAW MOORE IN THE FLAT.

Evidence Obtained by This Paper Strong Enough to Cause Father and Son to Be Held—When Laid Before the Police Both Are Arrested on a Suspicion of Having Killed the Wife—Moore Not Admitted to Bail.

Through the efforts of the Journal to probe the mystery of the strange death of Mrs. May Moore, in her home at No. 538 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, on Wednesday afternoon, William Moore, Jr., her husband, was held yesterday without bail by Coroner Fitzpatrick, on suspicion of having caused her death. He has from the first stoutly maintained that he did not visit her home on Wednesday until after being informed of the tragedy, and the evidence obtained is in the line of proof that he was in his room at or about the time of his wife's death.

Last evening the Journal found another witness, Mrs. Tilton, who lives on the top floor of the apartment house at No. 527 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, who says that she saw from the rear window of her flat, which commands a view of the rear windows of the Moore flat, Moore, on Wednesday afternoon, at his window.

**Saw Moore by Chance.** His profile, she says, was toward the window, and he stood there for some moments. She did not notice his wife, nor the old woman, and it was by mere chance that she saw Moore. Of what occurred in the flat, she saw nothing, however, but if her evidence as to the detective's presence should not be disproved, the fact of his being in his home at that critical time is of the gravest importance. She believes it was between 1 and 2 o'clock that she saw him. She did not, until after learning of the tragedy, know his name, but knew his face well through having seen him before she gave her evidence willingly, and only consented to tell what she knew, as a matter of justice, knowing that both father and son are under arrest charged with the same awful crime.

The information was last night given, by the Journal to Acting Captain McCluskey, of the Detective Bureau.

The evidence previously obtained, through close and indefatigable work on the part of Journal reporters, was laid before Captain Dwyer, of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Police Station, at about 9 o'clock on Saturday evening, and within less than an hour Moore, who was at his home, was under arrest, although the fact of the arrest was not made public until 1:30 Saturday morning, after Chief McCluskey had personally satisfied himself of the importance of the Journal's information by interviewing in Captain Dwyer's company, each informant.

**Called on the Witnesses.** The principal witnesses, who had been found by the Journal, were seen promptly by the officials, and their evidence was placed in the form of sworn affidavits. These affidavits were presented at the examination of the prisoner before Coroner Fitzpatrick yesterday afternoon, and so important and of such a serious nature, that it appeared that the prisoner was committed to the Tombs without bail, to await his formal examination at the inquest, which will be held on Friday forenoon.

Moore, himself, who has been on the police force for more than twenty years, and who is fifty years old and of good reputation, stoutly maintains his innocence, and says that on the day of the tragedy he was in his room, and that he did not go back on Tuesday night, but remained on duty downtown.

The tragedy was one of the strangest and most mysterious that the police have ever been called upon to unravel. Mrs. Moore was forty-four years old and lived on the fourth floor with her husband and his old father. She had been married to Moore for twenty years, but their two children are dead.

That the couple had a quarrel on Monday evening is admitted by Moore himself, although he earnestly denies that he struck her. He says that the quarrel was in regard to her being in the habit of drinking too much.

**Arrested for Intoxication.** She was arrested on Tuesday evening for intoxication, being found unconscious in a vacant lot, an taken to the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street police station in a patrol wagon. When her identity was learned she was kindly taken home, and a neighbor woman helped her to undress.

Moore did not go home to see how she was, although he admits having heard of her arrest.

It cannot be learned positively that she was seen alive in Wednesday by anyone but her father-in-law, Mrs. Brown, living on the floor above, said on Saturday that on Wednesday noon Mrs. Moore borrowed some little article from her, saying that she was making dinner for her husband, but she felt positive yesterday that it was on Tuesday the incident occurred.

The story of the old man, who is seventy-two years old, is that Mrs. Moore arose on Wednesday feeling poorly, and that he offered to make the coffee for both. At about noon he was asked by her to go out and buy a washbasil. He did so, but the trivial errand took some time, or he walked slowly and had to go to several

streets. Finally he bought one, and carried it home with him.

**Found by the Father.** On entering the flat, he was surprised to find that the door leading from the dining room to the kitchen was locked with the spring catch, as it was open when he went away. He opened this with his key, and saw Mrs. Moore sitting in a chair, close beside the dumb waiter. Her head was tilted slightly forward.

Mary, he said, "Mary. See the new washbasil." and he held it up as he trotted to her. He seized her wrist and felt for the pulse. Then he hobbled out into the hall, and called Mrs. Buchanan, the nearest neighbor, who ran into the room with Kittle McGonigal.

The strange feature of his actions, and of his story, is that he admits that before calling them in, he picked up a large knife that lay on the floor beside the chair. This fact, and the fact that he was apparently the only one who could possibly have killed her, led to his arrest.

**Remarkable Events Follow.** But first a remarkable series of events was to follow. Dr. Benson, of No. 318 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, was called, and thought that the

death was from heart disease. He assisted in carrying the body from the chair to a bed. Coroner's Physician Donlin later viewed the body, and there being no apparent suspicious circumstances, thought the death one from hemorrhage of the brain.

It was learned later that there actually was such a hemorrhage, and that it alone was sufficient cause of death. The body was prepared for burial, and the funeral was to have taken place Friday.

It was by a mere chance that what seems to have been a terrible tragedy was not effectually hidden. An anonymous letter, stating that there had been a quarrel in the flat, and that the death had been under suspicious circumstances, was received at the Coroner's office, and Dr. Donlin went to the house and performed an autopsy. He found a knife wound in the abdomen. The bleeding had been almost altogether internal. There was no blood on the floor. There was a stain on the woman's garment, which was burned promptly by Mrs. McLaughlin, and Kittle and Mary Moore, relatives. They say they suspected nothing, and, not seeing the knife wound, thought it a rupture, or the result of a fall when she was intoxicated on Tuesday night. It is probable that they believed Mrs. Moore killed herself, and that they wanted to avoid a family scandal.

**One Other Theory.** Another theory regarding the absence of blood is that the woman was dead when the knife-thrust was made. A black and blue mark under her chin may, according to this theory, have been caused by a blow severe enough to cause the hemorrhage in the brain, and instant death, and that then the blow was followed by the stab. The principal points against its being a case of suicide were that it was scarcely possible that a woman would stab herself in the abdomen, instead of using the knife on her throat or heart, and that the knife could not have been withdrawn, after the blow, by the woman herself, even if she had had strength to so terribly use it.

Because you are out of work  
Don't whine and curse your fate;  
But watch the Journal "Wants"  
And you won't have to wait.

## BRIBED A POLICEMAN?

A German Saloonkeeper Swears He Paid Patrolman Winchell \$100 for Protection.

Patrolman Virgin H. Winchell, of the West Forty-seventh Street Station, was stripped of his badge last night by Captain Schmittberger and locked up on the charge of accepting a bribe of \$100 from Theodor Kohler, a saloon keeper at No. 650 Tenth avenue.

Patrolman Callahan went into Kohler's saloon yesterday afternoon and asked for a glass of beer. He got it without any difficulty, and of such a serious nature, that it appeared that the prisoner was committed to the Tombs without bail, to await his formal examination at the inquest, which will be held on Friday forenoon.

Kohler, who was very indignant, "I paid \$100 to a policeman to keep my saloon open every other time." Callahan told him Captain Schmittberger could explain, and the astonished German went along. He told Captain Schmittberger that Patrolman Winchell, who was formerly on the post, told him he could run his place just the same if he had a hotel license if he would give up \$100. He says that he did and that Winchell pocketed the money. Captain Schmittberger sent for Winchell and Kohler identified him as the man.

The accused policeman denied the charge, but he was at once placed under arrest and locked up. Kohler was also locked up. He is charged with violation of the Excise law, and also with bribing a policeman.

Magistrate Flammer bailed the saloon keeper out late last night, but Captain Schmittberger would not take bail for Winchell. The latter is thirty-seven years old, and has been on the force for twelve years.

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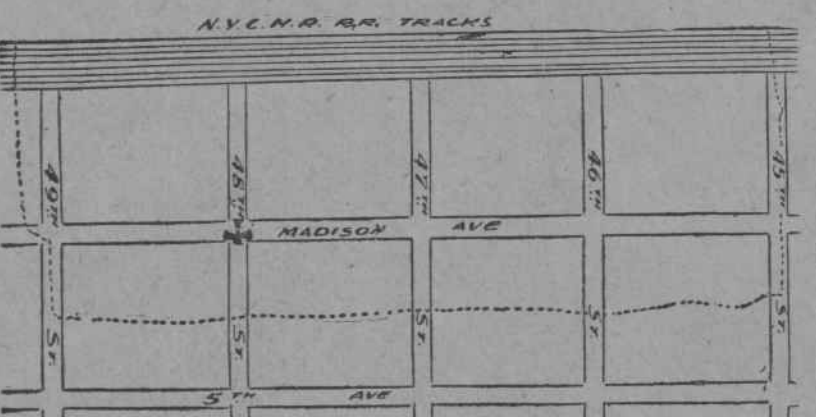
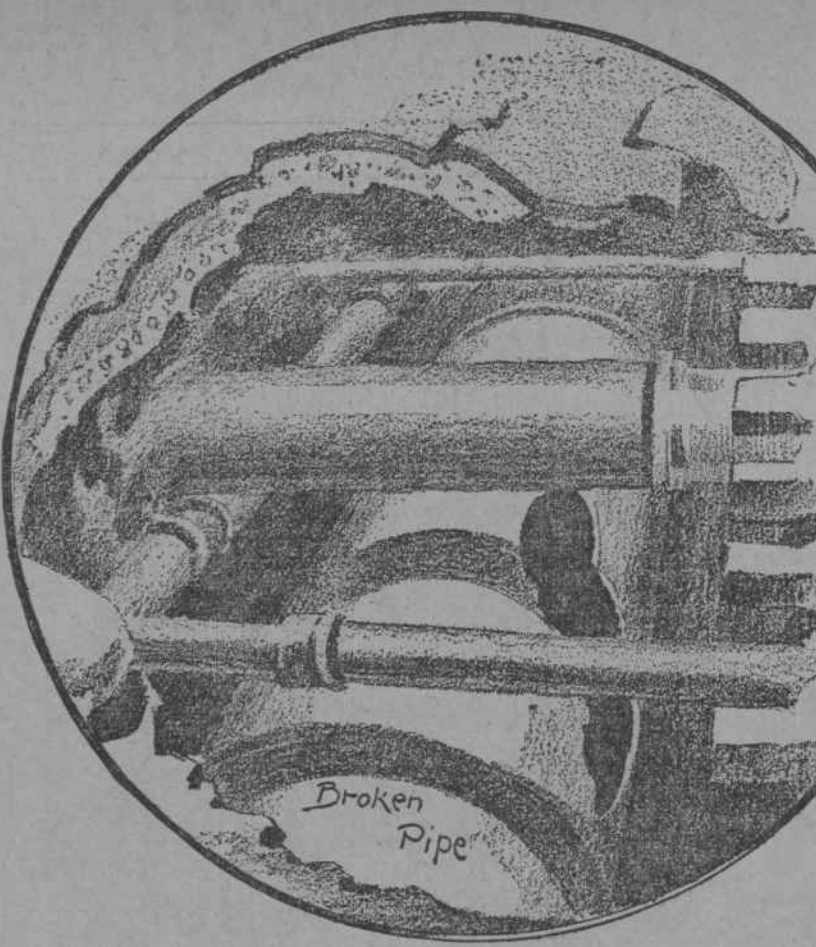
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**Area Flooded by the Bursting of the Water Main.** The cross shows the point at Forty-eighth street and Madison avenue where the water spouted forth in torrents from the big pipe. The dotted lines mark the boundaries of the flood. It spread the length of the city both ways to Forty-ninth and to Forty-fifth streets, and across town a half way to Fifth avenue, and flooding the New York Central & Hudson River tracks.

**Mrs. Sage's Gift.** Miss M. E. Tillingshast has just completed a window for the First Presbyterian Church of Syracuse, N. Y., to be presented by Mrs. Russell Sage and her brother as a memorial of their father and mother, who were among the first settlers in Syracuse and were instrumental in building the church some fifty years ago.

The window will be placed in the organ loft, and is eighteen feet high by six feet wide. It is Gothic and is divided into two openings. The base is treated architecturally, Gothic motives being used as divisions.

**Mrs. Lease on Political Wrongs.** Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lease, of Kansas, the famous advocate of radical democratic principles of reform in government, addressed an audience at the Long Island Business College, Williamsburg, yesterday afternoon under the auspices of the Brooklyn Philosophical Society. It was the most largely attended meeting ever given by the society. Many of those composing the audience were women.

In the course of her address Mrs. Lease mentioned the New York Journal, and it was fully two minutes before she could proceed because of the applause which followed at the naming of this newspaper.

"The subject chosen by Mrs. Lease was 'The Outlook for Democratic Government,' and she spoke for considerably over an hour. At the conclusion of her address an extended debate ensued.

She said that she believed the time was not so very far off when there would be a popular awakening which would bring about a readjustment of unjust social conditions, and that a more paternal government than now exists would result.

**Striking Epigrams.** Mrs. Lease made use of many striking epigrams. Among them were these: "Do not be deceived. There is brain at the main end of a pick-axe, and there are thinkers driving mules and cleaning alleys."

"The despotism of Europe has shown the anarchists what they believe to be a happy way of disposing of the tyrants of Spain."

"Socialism has made uneasy the dreams of the German Emperor."

"The human caterpillars on the fast rotting social cabbage are multiplying."

"We can never serve God unless we serve our fellow beings."

"The power to tax is the power to destroy."

"The last national campaign taught the most foolish minds to think."

"Congress may regulate, assemblies may legislate, courts may adjudicate and the people may execute, but they can never do more than turn aside the river of progress. It is certain, sooner or later, to reach the open sea."

"We are compelled to sell their votes in order to retain their means of support, then, indeed, is the republic in grave danger."

**Some Heads Tapped.** "The author of this hideous corruption now sits in the Senate of the people, and to accomplish this a weak, vacillating public-spectator was raised to a higher station, to the menace of our National honor."

"You have seen a farmer go to his melon patch and tap a melon to learn if it was ripe? So have we tapped the heads of our representatives in Congress, and found many of them rotten ripe for bribery. And this tapping netted him twelve million dollars."

"Ours has become a Government of the trusts, by the trusts and for the trusts. In six thousand years we have learned how to create wealth, but not how to divide it."

"Our millionaires fatten their daughters for a foreign market."

"The wealth of this nation is now in the hands of 28,000 persons, and under the present conditions it will become even more congested."

"The Scribblers and Pharisees of modern times have turned out an Andrews for teaching a truth."

Have you a wheel for sale,  
And wish to sell it now?  
Just try a Journal "Want"  
And it will show you how.

**NIGHT DRILLS FOR CUBA.** Hardy Men of Highland Falls Equipping Themselves as Reinforcements for the Army of Liberation.

Highland Falls, Oct. 10.—The Cuban Army will soon be reinforced by several companies of hardy Highlanders who are now being drilled nightly in the mountains, and whose arms and equipments have already been furnished by the Cuban Junta. Soldiers once in Uncle Sam's army are the drill masters. The volunteers come from several towns along the river.

Whether the filibustering yacht, Studio, which last week tied up at all the small towns in this vicinity had anything to do with organizing the companies is a matter of interesting conjecture. It is certain, however, that before her appearance there was but little talk of war or Cuba. The yacht came from Florida and flies the Cuban flag, and her apparent destination is Albany. The local papers along the river devoted considerable space yesterday to the Studio and the recruiting of volunteers for Cuban service.

The head of the New York Cuban Junta lives at Central Valley about eight miles back of this place, and there would be no difficulty in supplying arms to any number of volunteers that would concentrate in the Highlands.

**Like an Inland Lake.** The water backed up into the side streets toward Fifth avenue and the limit of the lake was about midway between this avenue and Madison. The flood poured down toward the railroad tracks leading off to the rear of the Grand Central Depot, and the rights of way were soon covered, some of the tracks disappearing from view. The residents in the flooded neighborhood were awakened, in a bewildered state. Some of them could not account for the sounds of gurgling water, which came to the upper rooms of the cellars; others were summoned out of bed by jerks at their door bells; others were awakened by the noise of the great fountain which played in the centre of the street.

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